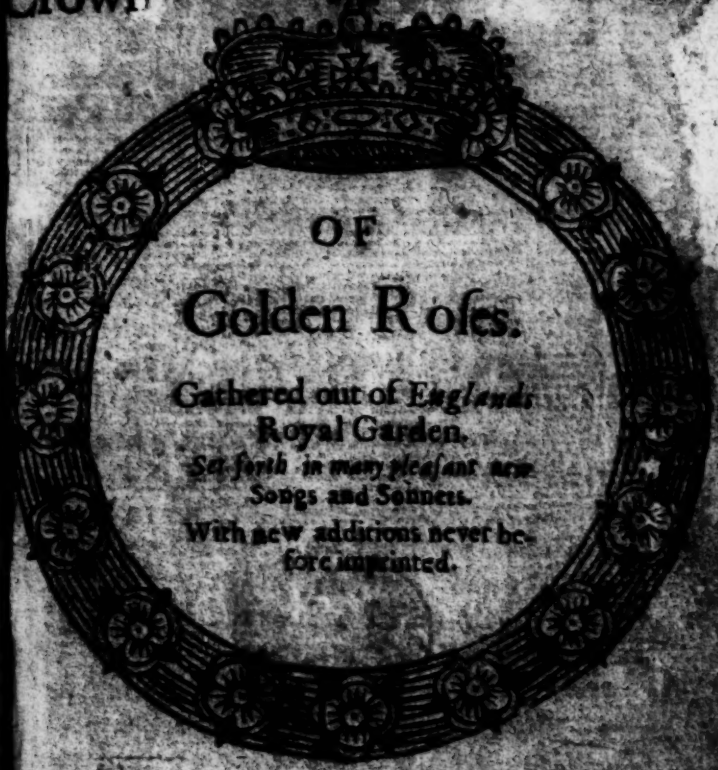
THE Crown Garland



OF

Golden Roſes.

Gathered out of *Englands* Royal Garden.

Set forth in many pleaſant new Songs and Sonnets.

With new additions never before imprinted.

Divided in two parts by *R. Johnſon.*

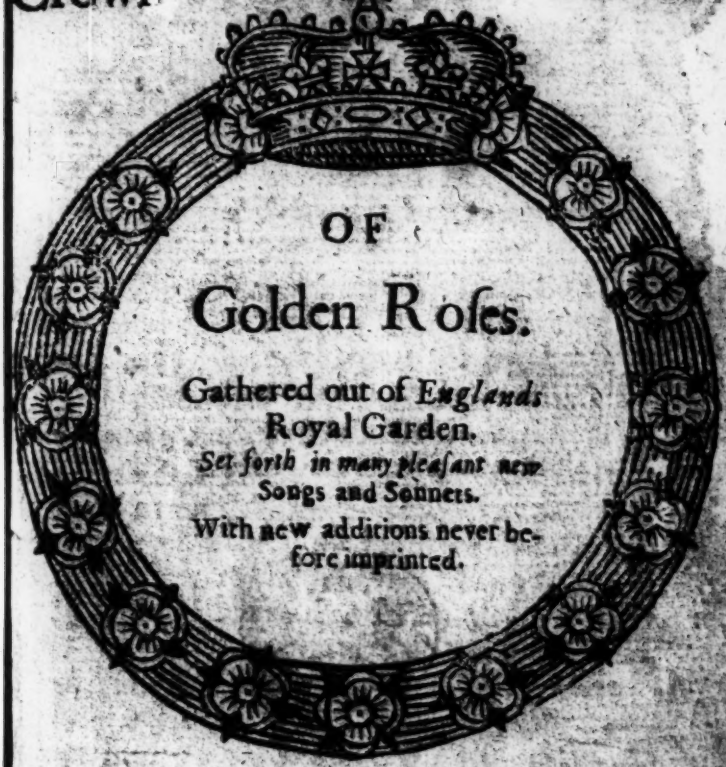
LONDON,

Printed for *W. Gilbertſon* at the ſign of the Bible in Gilt-*ſpur-ſtreet.* 1659.

R. Johnson (Richard)

C. 38. a. 23.

THE Crown Garland OF Golden Roſes.



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BRITISH MUSEUM

The Contents.

A Princely Song of the red Roſe and the white.

A delightful Song of the four Feaſts of England.

The lamentable Song of the Lord Wigmore and the fair maid of Dunſmore.

The complaint of fair Iſabel for the loſſe of her honour.

A Song of Sir Richard Whittington thrice Maior of London.

The life and death of the great Duke of Buckingham.

The woful death of Queen Jane, and how King Edward the ſixth was cut out of his mothers belly.

A ſhort and ſweet Sonnet made by a maid of honour upon the death of Queen Elizabeth.

The life and death of famous Tho. Stukely.

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A Song of a King and a Begger.

A lovers Song in praiſe of his Miſtris.

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The ſtory of ill May-day;
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A Princely ſtory of Henry the eights ſix wives
The lamentable complaint of Queen Mary for the departure of K. Philip.
The battel of Agen-Court:

A Princely Song made of the Red Rose and the White Royalty united together by King *Henry* the seventh, & *Elizabeth Plantaginet*, daughter to Edward the fourth: from whom our Soveraign Lord King *James* lineally descended.

The tune is flying fame.

When York & Lancaster made war,
Within this famous Land, and
The lives of Englands Royal Peers,
did much in danger stand,
Seven English Kings in bloody fields,
For Englands Crown did fight,
In which their heirs were all but twain,
of lives bereaved quite.

Then thirty thousand English-men,
were in one battel slain;
Yet could not all this English blood,
a setled peace maintain,

For Fathers kind their children kil'd.
And Sons their Fathers slew,
Yea kindred fought against their kind,
and not each other knew.

At last by Henries lawful claim:
the warring wars had end,
For Englands peace he long reign'd
and did the same defend.
For tyrant Richard nam'd the Third,
chief breeder of this woe,
by him was slain nèer Leister Town,
as Chronicles do show.

All fears of wars he thus exil'd,
whilst joy'd each English-man,
And days of long desired peace.
within this Land began,
He rul'd this Kingdome by true love,
to chear his subjects lives,
For every one had daily joy,
and comfort of their wives.

King Henry had such a Princely care,
our further good to frame,
Took fair Elizabeth to wife,
that gallant Yorkish dame:
Fourth Edwards daughter flesh of God,

to

to eſcape King Richards ſpight.
Was thus made Englands peerleſs Queen,
and Henries hearts delight.

Thus Henry laſt of Tudors name,
and Lancaſter thou haſt bred,
With Yorks right heir a true lovers knot,
did link and tye full faſt.
Renowned York the white Roſe gave,
brave Lancaſter the red,
By wedlock were conjoyn'd to grow,
both in one Princely bed.

Theſe Roſes ſprang and budded fair,
and carried ſuch a grace,
That Kings of England in their armes,
afford them worthy place.
And flourith may theſe Roſes long,
that all the world may tell,
The owners of theſe Princely flowers,
in vertues do excel.

To glorifie theſe Roſes more,
King Henry and his Queen,
Firſt plac'd their pictures in wrought gold,
moſt gorgeous to be ſeen.
The Kings own guard now weares the ſame
upon their back and breſt.

Where love and Loyalty remains,
and evermore shall rest.

The Red Rose on the back is plac'd,
thereon a Crown of gold.
The white Rose on the brest is brave:
and costly to behold.
Bedeckt most rich with silver studs,
on Coat of Scarlet red,
A blushing hue which Englands fame
now many a year hath bred.

Thus Tudor and Plantaginet,
these honours first devised,
To welcome long desired peace,
with us so deeply prized.
A peace that now maintained is
by Charles our Royal King,
For peace brings plenty to the Land,
with every blessed thing.

To speak again of Henries praise:
his Princely liberal hand,
Gave gifts and graces many wayes:
unto this famous Land.
For which the Lord him blessing sent,
and multiplied his store,
In that he left more wealth to us,
then any King before.

For

For first his swæt and lovely Quéen,
a joy above the rest,
Brought him both Sons & Daughters fair,
to make his kingdome blest.
The Royal blood that was at ebbe.
so increased by his Quéen,
That Englands heirs unto this day,
do flourish fair and gréen.

The first fair blessing of his feed,
was Arthur Prince of Wales,
Whose vertues to the Spanish Court,
quite ore the Ocean sayles.
There Ferdinand the King of Spain,
his daughter Kathrine gave,
For wife unto the English Prince,
a thing that God would have,

Yet Arthur in his lofty youth,
and blooming time of age,
Submitted méekly his swæt life,
to deaths impartial rage.
Who dying so no issue left,
the swæt of natures joy.
Which compast England round with grief,
and Spain with sad annoy.

King Henries second comfort prov'd,
a Henry of his name. In

In following time eight Henry cal'd,
a King of Noble fame.
He conquer'd Bulliegn with his sword,
with many Towns in France,
His manly mind and fortitude,
did Englands fame advance.

He Popish Abbies first suppress,
and Papistry pul'd down,
And bound their lawes by Parliament,
unto his Royal Crown:
He had three children by three wives,
all Princes raigning here,
Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth,
a Queen belov'd most dear.

These three swift branches bare no fruit,
God no such joy did send,
Through which the Kingly Tudors name
in England here had end.
The last Plantaginet that liv'd,
was nam'd Elizabeth,
Elizabeth last Tudor was,
the greatest Queen on earth.

Seventh Henry yet we name again,
whose grace have free consent,
To have his daughters married both,

to Kings of high descent,
Margaret the eldest of the twain,
was made great Scotlands Queen,
As wise, as fair, as vertuous,
as ere was Lady seen.

From which fair Queen our Royal King,
by Linial course descendeth,
And rightly enjoyes that Crown,
which God now still befriendeth.
For Tudors and Plantaginet,
By yielding unto death,
Have made renowned Seewards name,
the greatest upon earth.

His younger daughter Mary call'd,
as Princely in degree,
Was by her Father worthy thought,
the Queen of France to be.
And after to the Suffolk Duke,
was made a noble wife,
Where in the famous English Court,
she led a vertuous life.

King Henry and his loving Queen,
rejoyc'd to see the day,
To have their children thus advanc'd,
with honours every way,

Which

Which purchast pleasure and content,
with many years delight,
Till sad misthance by cruel death,
procur'd them both a spight.

The Queen that fair and Princely Dame,
that mother meek and mild,
To adde more number to her joyes,
again grew big with child:
All which brought comfort to her King,
against which careful hour,
He lodg'd his dear kind hearted Queen,
in Londons stately Tower:

That Tower that was so fatal once,
to Princes of degree,
Prov'd fatal to this Noble Queen,
for therein dyed she.
In Child-bed lost she her sweet life:
her life esteemed so dear,
Which had been Englands loving Queen
full many a happy year.

The King herewith possest with grief,
spent many months in moan,
And dayly sigh'd and said that he,
like her could find out none:
Nor none could he in fancy chuse,

to make his wedded wife.
Therefore a widdower would remain,
the remnant of his life.

His after dayes he ſpent in peace,
and quietneſs of mind,
Like King and Queen as theſe two was,
the world can hardly find.
Our King and Queen yet like to them,
in vertus and true love,
Have heavenly bleſſings in like ſort,
from heavenly powers above.

A delightful ſong of the four famous Feaſts of *England*, one of them ordained by King *Henry* the ſeventh, to the honor of Merchant-taylors: ſhewing how 7 Kings have bin free of that Company, and how laſtly it was grac'd with the Renowned P. *Henry* of great *Brittain*.

The tune is, *Treatons roy*.

ENgland is a Kingdom,
of all the world admired,
Hoze ſtatelineſſe in pleaſures,
can no way be deſired.

The

The Court is full of bravery,
the City fo'rd with wealth,
The Law preserveth unity,
the Country keepeth health.

Yet no like pomp and glory,
our Chronicles record,
As four great feasts of England,
do yearly afford.
All others be but dinners tal'd,
or Banquets of good sort,
And none but four be named feasts,
which here I shall report.

Saint Georges feast the first of all,
maintained is by Kings,
Where much renowm and Royalty,
whereof now daily rings:
Princes come from forreign Lands,
to be St. Georges Knights,
The golden garter thus is worn,
by many worthy wights.

St. George our English Champion,
in most delightful sort:
Is celebrated year by year,
in Englands Royal Court.
The King with all his noble traine,

in good and rich array,
still glorifies the Feastival,
of great Saint Georges day.

The honoured Mayor of London,
the second Feast ordains,
By which the worthy Citizens,
much commendation gains.
For Lords and judges of the Land,
and Knights of good request,
To Guildhal come to countenance,
the Mayor of Londons feast.

Also the Serjeants of the Law,
another feast affords,
With grace and honour glorified,
by Englands noble Lords.
And this we call the Serjeants feast,
a third in name and place,
But yet there is a fourth likewise,
deserves a gallant grace.

The Merchant-taylors company,
the fellowship of fame:
To Londons lasting dignity,
lives honoured with the same.
A gift King Henry the seventh gave,
kept once in three years still,

where

Where gold and Gowns be to poor men,
given by King Henries will.

Full many a good fat Buck he sent,
the fairest and the best,
The Kings large Forrest can afford,
to grace this worthy feast.
A feast that makes the number just,
and last account of four,
Therefore let England thus report,
of feasts there be no more.

Then let all London Companies,
so highly in renown,
Give Merchant-taylors name and fame,
to wear the Lawrel Crown.
For seven of Englands Royal Kings,
thereof hath all bin free,
And with their loves and favours grac'd
this worthy Company.

King Richard once the second nam'd,
unhappy in his fall,
Of all his race of Royal Kings,
was Freemen first of all.
Bullingbrook fourth Henry next,
by order him succeeds,
To glorifie his Brother-hood,
by many Princely deeds,

Fifth

Fifth Henry which so valiantly,
deserved fame in France,
Became free of this company,
fair London to advance,
Sirt Henry the next in reign,
though luckless in his dayes,
Of Merchant-Taylors Freeman was,
to their eternal praise.

Fourth Edward that most worthy King,
belov'd of great and small,
Also perform'd a Freemans love,
to this renowned Hall:
Third Richard which by cruelty,
brought England many woes,
Unto this worthy Company,
no little favour shows.

But richest favour yet at last,
proceeded from a King,
Whose wisdome round about the world
in Princes ears do ring.
King Henry whom we call the seventh,
made them the greatest grac'd,
Because in Merchant-Taylors Hall,
his Picture now stands plac'd.
Their charter was his Princely gift,
maintained to this day,

He added Merchant to the name,
of taylors as some say,
Lo Merchant-Taylors they be cal'd,
his Royall love was so,
No London-Company the like,
estate of Kings can show

From time to time we thus behold.
the merchant-Taylors glory,
Of whole renown the Poets Pen,
may make a lasting story.
This love of Kings begot such love,
of our now Royall Prince,
For greater love then this to them,
was ne'r before nor since.

It pleased so his Princely mind.
in meek kind courtesie,
To be a friendly Freeman made,
of his brave Company.
O London then in heart rejoyce,
and Merchant-taylors sing
Forth praises of this gentle Prince,
the Song of our good King.

To tell the welcom to the world,
he then in London had
Might fill us full of pleasent joyes,
and make our hearts full glad.

His

His triumphs were perform'd and done,
long lasting will remain,
And Chronicles report aright,
the order of it plain.

The lamentable Song of the Lo. Wigmore Governour of Warwick Caſtle, & the fair maid of *Dunſmoore*, as a warning to all maids to have a care how they yeeld to the wanton delights of young Gallants.

The tune is, Diana.

IN Warwickſhire there ſtands a down,
And Dunſmoore-heath it hath to name,
Adjoyning to a Country Town,
made famous by a maidens name.
Fair Iſabel ſhe named was,
A ſhepheards daughter as ſome ſay,
To Wigmores ears her fame did paſſe:
as he in Warwick-Caſtle lay.
Poor love-ſick Lord immediately,
Upon her fame ſet his delight.
and thought much pleaſure ſure did lye,
poſſeſſing of ſo fair a wight.
Therefore to Dunſmoore did repair.
To recreate his ſickly mind,
Where in a Summers evening fair,
his chance was Iſabel to find.
She ſate amidſt a Meddow green,

Most richly spread with smelling flowers,
And by a River she was seen,
to spend away some evening hours,
There laid this Maiden all alone,
Washing her self in secret wise,
Which Virgin fair to look upon
Did much delight his loving eyes,
She thinking not to be espy'd,
And laid from her her Country tire,
The tresses of her hair unty'd,
hung glistring like the golden wire,
And as the flakes of winter Snow,
That lye unmelted on the Plains,
So white her body was in show,
like silver spring did run her veins,
He ravisht with this pleasant sight,
Stood as a man amazed still;
Suffering his eyes to take delight,
that never thought they had their fill.
She blinding his affections so,
That reason rules were led away,
And love the coales of lust did blow,
which to a fire flamed high.
And though he knew the sin was great,
It burned so within his breast,
With such a vehement scorching heat,
that none but she could lend him rest.
Lord Wigmore being thus drown'd in lust,

By liking of this dainty Dame,
He cal'd a ſervant of great truſt,
inquiring ſtrait what was her name,
She is quoth he no married wife,
But a Shepherds daughter as you ſee,
And with her Father leads her life,
whoſe dwelling by thoſe paſturs be:
Her name is Iſabel the fair,
Then ſtay quoth he and ſpeak no more,
But to my Caſtle ſtrait her bear,
her ſight hath wounded me full ſore.
Thus to Lord Wigmore ſhe was brought,
Who with delight his fancies feed,
And through his ſuit much means he wrought,
that he entic'd her to his bed,
This being done incontinent,
She did return from whence ſhe came,
And every day ſhe did invent,
to cover her received ſhame,
But ere three months were fully paſt,
Her crime committed plain appears,
Unto Lord Wigmore then in haſt,
ſhe long complain'd with weeping tears.

The complaint of fair *Iſabel* for the loſſe of her honour, at the end whereof ſhe ſlew her ſelf. To the ſame tune.

LOrd Wigmore thus I have defil'd,

And spotted my pure Virgins bed.
Behold I am conceiv'd with child,
to which vile folly you me led.
For now this deed that I have wrought,
Throughout the Country well is known,
And to my woful parents brought,
who now for me do make great moan.
How shall I look them in the face,
When they my shameless self shall see,
O cursed Eve I feel thy case,
when thou hadst tasted on the Tree.
Thou hidst thy self and so must I,
But God thy trespass quickly found,
No dark may hid me from Gods eye,
but leave my shame still to abound.
Wide open are mine eyes to look,
Upon my sad and heavy sin,
And quite unclapsed is the Book,
where my accounts are written in.
This sin of mine deserveth death,
Be judge Lord Wigmore I am she,
For I have trod a Strumpets path,
and for the same I needs must dye.
Bespotted with reproachful shame,
To Ages following shall I be,
And in Records be writ my blame,
Lord Wigmore this is long of thee,
Lord Wigmore, prostrate at thy feet.

I craves my just deserved Doom,
That death may cut of from the root,
this body, blossoms, branch, and blom.
Let modesty accuse this crime,
Let love and Law, and Nature speak,
Alas ever any wretch yet seen,
that in one instant all did break.
Then Wigmore justice on me shew,
That thus consenting to the act,
Give me my death for that is due,
to such as sin in such a fact.

O that the wom'b had been my grave,
Or I had perish't in my birth,
O that same day may darkness have,
wherein I first drew vital breath.
Let God regard it not at all,
Let not the Sun upon it shine,
Let misty darkness on it fall,
for to make known this sin of mine.
The night wherein I was conceiv'd,
Let be accurst with mournful eyes,
Let twinkling stars from sky be reav'd,
and clouds of darkness thereon rise.
Because they shut not up their powers,
That gave the passage to my life,
Come sorrow finish up my hours,
and let my time here end with grief,

And having made this woful moan,
A knife she snatched from her side,
Where Lucrece part was rightly shown,
for with the same fair Isabel dy'd,
Whereat Lord Wigmore grieved sore,
In heart repenting his amisse,
And after would attempt no more,
to crop the flower of Maidens blisse,
But lived long in woful wise,
Till death did finish up his days,
And now in Isabels grave he lyes,
till Judgment comes them both to raise,

A Song of Sir *Richard Whittington*, who by strange fortunes came to be thrice Lord Mayor of *London*, with his bountifull gifts and liberality given to this honourable City.

The tune is, Dainty come thou to me.

HEre must I tell the praise,
of worthy Whitting on:
Known to be in his days,
thrice Mayor of London:
But of poor Parentage,
born was he as we hear,
And in his tender age,
bred up in Lancashire:

Poorely

Poorely to London then,
came up this ſimple Lad,
Where with a Merchant-man,
ſoon he a dwelling had,
And in a kitchin plac'd
a ſcullion for to be.
Whereas long time he paſt,
in labour drudgingly,

His dayly ſervice was,
turning ſpits at the fire,
And to ſcoure pots of braſs,
for a poor ſcullions hire,
Meat and drink all his pay,
of coyn he had no ſtore,
Therefore to run away,
in ſecret thought he bore.

So from this Merchant-man,
Wittington ſecretly,
Towards his Country ran
to purchaſe liberty:
But as he went along
in a fair Summers morn.
Londons bells ſweetly rung,
Whittingtons back return,

Evermore ſounding ſo,
turn again Wittington.

For

For thou in time shalt grow,
Lord Mayor of London.
Whereupon back again,
Wittington came with speed,
Aprentice to remain,
as the Lord had decreed.

Still blessed be the bells,
this was his daily song,
They my good fortune tels,
most sweetly have they rung.
If God so favour me,
I will not prove unkind,
London my love shall see,
and my large bounties find.

But see this happy chance,
this Scullion had a Cat,
Which did his state advance,
and it by wealth he gat,
His Master ventred forth,
to a Land far unknown,
With Merchandize of worth,
as is in stories shown:

Wittington had no more,
but this poor Cat as that,
Which to the ship he bore.

like a brave valiant man.
Uentring the same quoth he,
I may get store of gold,
And Mayor of London be,
as the bells have me told.

Wittingtons Merchandize,
carried to a Land,
Troubled with Rats and Mice:
as they did understand.
The King of that country there,
as he at dinner sate,
Dayly remain'd in fear,
of many a Mouse and Rat.

Meat that on trenchers lay,
no way they could keep safe,
But by rats borne away
fearing no wand or staffe.
Whereupon soon they brought,
Whittingtons nimble Cat,
Which by the King was bought,
heaps of gold given for that.

Home again came these men,
with their ships laden so,
Whittingtons wealth began
by this Cat thus to grow.

Scul-

Scullions life he forsook,
to be a Merchant good,
And soon began to look,
how well his credit stood

After that he was chose,
Sheriff of the City here,
And then full quickly rose,
higher as did appear.
For to this Cities praise,
Sir Richard Wittington,
Came to be in his dayes,
thrice Mayor of London.

More his fame to advance,
thousands he lent his King
To maintain wars in France
glory from thence to bring,
And after at a Feast,
which he the King did make,
He burnt the bonds all in jest,
and would no mony take,

Then thousand pound he gave,
to his Prince willingly,
And would no penny have,
for this kind courtesie
As God thus made him great

ſo he would dayly ſée,
Poor people fed with meat,
toſhew his Charity.

Priſoners poor cheriſht were,
widowes ſweet comfort found,
Good déeds both far and near,
of him do ſtill reſound.
Wittington Colledge is
one of his charities,
Records reporteth this,
to laſting memories.

Newgate he builded fair,
for Priſoners to lye in,
Chriſts-Church he did repair
Chriſtian love for to win.
Many more ſuch like déeds,
were done by Whittington,
Which joy and comfort bréeds,
to ſuch as look thereon.

Lancaſhire thou haſt bred,
this flower of charity.
Though he be dead and gon,
yet lives he laſtingly.
Thoſe bels that cal'd him ſo,
turn again Wittington,

Cap

Call you him back no more,
to live so in London.

The life and death of the great Duke of Buckingham, who came to an untimely end, for consenting to the dispoſition of the two gallant young Princes, King Edward the 4 children.

The tune is, Shores Wife.

A Tale of grief I must unfold,
A tale that never yet was told,
A tale that might to pity move,
The Spirits below and Saints above.

When wars did plague this Maiden land,
Great Buckingham in grace did ſtand,
With Kings and Queens he ruled ſo,
When he ſaid I, none durſt ſay no.

Great Gloſters D. that wan the Throne,
With blood of Kings to mak't his own,
By Henry Staffords help obtain'd,
What reaſon will'd to be reſtrain'd.

If any noble of this Land,
Againſt great Gloſters aym did ſtand,
Old Buckingham with might and power,
In grievous woes did him devour.

Ye

He hop'd when Richard was made King,
He would much greater honours bring.
To Buckingham and to his name,
And well reward him for the same.

In Clarence death he had a hand,
And gainst K. Edwards Queen did stand,
And to her Sons bore little love,
When he as bastards would them prove.

King Edward swore him by his Oath,
In true allegeance to them both,
Which if I fail, I with quoth he,
All Christians Curse may light on me.

It so fell out on all-Souls day,
By law his life was tane away,
He had his wish though not his will,
For treasons and is alwaies ill.

In London having pleaded claim,
And Richard thereby won the game,
He challeng'd honour for his gain,
But was rewarded with disdain.

On which disgrace within few hours,
Great Buckingham had raisd his powers,
But all in vain, the King was strong,

And

And Stafford needs must suffer wrong.

His army fail'd and durst not stand,
Upon a Traytors false command,
Being thus deceiv'd old Stafford fled,
And knew not where to hide his head.

The King with speed to have him found,
Did offer full two thousand pound.
Thus Richard sought to cast him down,
A Whole wit did win him Englands Crown

The plain old Duke his life to save,
Of his own man did succor crave
In hope that he would him relieve,
That late much Land to him did give.

Base Banister this man was nam'd,
By this vil'd deed for ever sham'd.
It is quoth he a common thing,
To injure him that wrong'd his King.

King Edwards children he betray'd,
The like 'gainst him I will have plaid,
Being true my heart him greatly grac'd,
But proving falls that love is past.

Thus Banister his master sold,

Unto

Unto his foe the hire of gold,
But mark his end and rightly see,
The just reward of treachery.

The Duke by Law did loose his head,
For him they sought to do most good,
The man that wrought his masters woe,
By lingring grief was brought full low.

For when the King did hear him speak,
How basely he the Duke did take,
Instead of gold gave him disgrace,
With banishment from Town to place.

Thus Banister was forc'd to beg,
And crave for food with cap and leg,
But none on him would bread bestow,
That to his master prov'd a foe,

Thus wandring in this poor estate,
Repenting his misdeed too late,
Till starved he gave up his breath,
By no man pitties at his death.

To woful end his children came,
Sore punisht for their fathers shame,
Within a kennel one was drown'd,
Where water scarce could hide the ground

Another by the powers divine,
Was strangely eaten up of swine:
The best a woful ending makes
By strangling in an empty Jakes.

Let traytors thus behold and see,
And such as false to masters be,
Let disobedient sons draw near, (neer
These judgments well may touch them

Both old and young that live not well
Look to be plang'd from heaven or hell.
So have you heard the story than
Of this great Duke of Buckingham.

The woful death of Queen Jane, wife to King *Henry* the eight: and how K. *Edward* was cut out of his mothers belly,

The tune is, the lamentation of the Lord of *Essex*.

When as King Henry rul'd this Land
He had a Quéen I understand,
Lord Seimors daughter fair and bright,
King Henries comfort and delight.
Yet death by his remorceleſſe power,
Did blast the blom of his sweet flower.

Oh

Oh mourn, &c.

His former Queens being wrapt in lead,
This Gallant Dame poſſeſt his bed,
Where lightly from her wemb did ſpring,
A joyful comfort to her King,
A welcom bleſſing to the Land,
Preſerv'd by Gods moſt holy hand,
oh mourn, &c.

The Queen in travel pained ſore,
Full thirty woful dayes and more,
And no way could delivered be,
As every Lady with'rs ſee,
Wherefore the King made greater moan,
Then ever yet his Grace had ſhown,
oh mourn, &c.

Being ſomething eaſed in his mind,
His eyes a ſlumbering ſleep did find,
Where dreaming he had loſt a Roſe,
But which he could not well ſuppoſe,
A Ship he had, a Roſe by name,
Oh no it was his Royal Jane,
Oh mourn, mourn, mourn, fair Ladies,

Jane your Queen, &c.

Being thus perplext with grief and care,
A Lady to him did repair,
And said O King shew us thy will,
The Queens sweet life to save or spill,
If she cannot delivered be,
Yet save the flower though not the tree:
Oh mourn, mourn, mourn fair Ladies.
Jane your, &c.

Then down upon his tender knee,
For help from heaven prayed he.
Mean while into a sleep they cast,
His Queen which ever more did last,
And opening then her tender womb,
Alive they took this budding blom,
Oh mourn, mourn, mourn fair Ladies.
Jane, &c.

This babe so born much comfort brought,
And cheard his Fathers drooping thought,
Prince Edward he was cal'd by name
Grac'd with vertue wit and fame,
And when his Father left this earth
He rul'd this Land by lawful birth.
Oh mourn, mourn, mourn fair Ladies.
Jane your Queen, &c

But

But mark the powerful will of heaven,
Wee from this joy were soon bereaven,
Six years he reigned in this Land,
And then obeyed Gods command,
And left his Crown to Mary here,
Whose five years reign cost England dear
Oh mourn, &c.

Elizabeth reigned next to her,
Europes pride and Englands star.
Wonder of the world, for such a Queen,
Under heaven was never seen,
A Maid, a Saint, an Angel bright,
In whom all Princes took delight.
Oh mourn, mourn, mourn fair Ladies,
Elizabeth the flower of Englands dead.

A short and sweet sonnet made by one of the maids of honor; upon the death of Elizabeth, which she sowed upon a sampler in red silk.

The tune is, Philida flouts me.

GOne is Elizabeth,
whom we have lov'd so dear,
Sye our kind mistresse was,
full four and forty year,

England she govern'd well,
not to be blamed,
Flanders she govern'd well,
and Ireland famed,
France she befriended,
Spain she bootyed,
Papists rejected,
and the Pope spoyled,
To princes powerful,
to the world vertuous,
To her foes merciful,
to Subjects gracious;
Her soul is in heaven,
the world keeps her glory,
Subjects her good deeds,
and so ends my story.

The life and death of famous *Tho. Stukely* an *English* gallant in the time of Queen Elizabeth, who ended his days in a battel of three Kings in Barbary.

The tune is, K. *Henries going to Bullen.*

IN the West of England,
Borne there was I understand,
a famous gallant in his dayes,
By birth a wealthy Clothiers son,
Deeds of wonder he hath done,

to

to purchaſe him a long and laſting praiſe.

If I ſhould tell this Story,
Pride was all his Glory,
and lufty Stukely he was cal'd in Court,
he ſerv'd a Biſhop of the weſt,
And did accompany the beſt,
maintaining ſtill himſelf in gallant ſort.

Being thus eſtéemed,
And every where well déemed,
he gain'd the favour of a London dame.
Daughter to an Alderman,
Courtis he was called than,
to whom a ſuitor gallantly he came.

When he her perſon eſpyed,
He could not be denyed,
ſo brave a gentleman he was to ſée.
She was quickly made his wife,
In weal or woe to lead her life,
her Father willingly did ſo agree.

Thus in ſtate and pleaſure,
Full many dayes they meaſure,
til cruel death with this regardleſs ſpight,
Bore old Courtis to the grave,
A thing that Stukely wiſht to have,

that he might revel all in gold of right,

He was no sooner tombed,
But Stukely presumed (wast
to spend a hundred pound that day in
The bravest gallants in the Land,
Had Stukelies purse at their command,
thus merrily the time away he past.

Taverns and ordinaries,
Where his chiefest braveries,
golden Angels there flew up and down,
Ryots were his best delight,
With stately feasting day and night.
in Court and City thus he won renown.

Thus wasting Land and living,
By this lawless giving,
at last he sould the pavements of his yard,
Which covered were with blocks of Tin,
Old Curtis left the same to him.
which he consumed lately as you heard.

Whereat his wife so grieved,
Desir'd to be relieved. (say
make much of me dear husband she did
Ile make much more of thee quoth he,
Then any one shall verily,

Ile

Ile sell thy Cloths and so will go away.

Cruelly thus hard hearted,
Away from her he parted,
and travel'd into Italy with speed,
There he flourisht many a day,
In his silks and rich array,
and did the pleasures of a Lady feed.

It was the Ladies pleasure,
To give him gold and Treasure,
to maintain him in great pomp and fame.
At last came news assuredly.
Of a fought battel in Barbary,
and he would valiantly go see the same.

Many a noble Gallant,
Sold both Land and Tallent,
to follow Stukely in this famous fight.
Whereas three Kings in person would,
Adventurously with courage bold,
within the battel shew themselves in sight

Stukely and his followers all,
Of the King of Portugal,
had entertainment like to Gentlemen.
The King affected Stukely so,
That he his secrets all did know,

and

and boze his royal Standerd now & then.

Upon this day of honour,
Each King did shew his banner,
Morocco and the King of Barbary,
Portugal with all his train,
Brauely glistring on the plain,
and gaue the onset there most valiantly.

The Cannons they resounded,
Thundring Drums rebounded,
kil, kil, as then was all the Souldiers cry
Mangled men lay on the ground,
And with blood the earth was drown'd,
the Sun was likewise darkned in the sky.

Heaven was so displeased,
And would not be appeased, (show
but tokens of Gods heavy wrath did
That he was angry at this war.
He sent a fearful blazing star, (runs know.
whereby these Kings might their misfor-

Bloody was the slaughter,
Or rather wilful murder, (slain,
Where 6 score thousand fighting men were
Three Kings within this Battel dy'd,
With forty Dukes and Earls beside,

the

the like will never more be fought again.

With woful arms infolding,
Stukely stood beholding,
this bloody sacrifice of Souls that day.
He sighing said, I woful wight,
Against my conscience here do fight,
and brought my followers all unto decay.

Being thus molested,
And with grief oppressed;
those brave Italians that did sel their lands
With Stukely thus to travel forth,
And venture life for little worth, (hands
upon him all did lay their murthering.

Unto death thus wounded,
His heart with sorrow sounded,
and to them all he made this heavy moan.
Thus have I left my Country dear,
To be so vilely murthered here, (known
even in this place whereas I am not

My wife I have much wronged,
Of what to her belonged.
I vainly spent in idle course of life,
What I have done is past I see,
And bringeth naught but grief to me.

there

therefore grant me pardon gentle wife,

Life I see consumeth,
And death I feel presumeth,
to change this life of mine into a new.
Yet this my greatest comfort brings,
I liv'd and dy'd in love of Kings,
and so have Stukely bids the world adieu.

Stukly's life thus ended,
Was after death befriended,
and like a Souldier buried gallantly.
Where now there stands upon his grave,
A stately Temple builded brave,
with golden Turrets piercing to the sky.

A most royal song of the life and death of our late renowned Princess Queen Elizabeth.

The tune is, the Ladies fall.

IN England reigned once a King,
eight Henry cal'd by name,
Which made fair Anne of Bullein Queen
of England in great fame.
Who brought unto this Country joy,
and to her King delight,
A daughter that in England made

Gods Goſpel ſhine moſt bright.

At Greenwitch was this Princeſſe born,
that gallant place in Kent,
A houſe belov'd of Kings and Queens.
a houſe of ſweet content.
Even in her child-hood ſhe began,
ſo ſtor'd with heavenly grace,
That all eſtates both high and low,
her vertues did imbrace.

None like Elizabeth was found,
in learning ſo Divine,
She had the perfect skilful art,
of all the Muſes nine:
In Latine, Greek, and Hebrew ſhe,
moſt excellent was known,
To forraign Kings Ambaſſadors,
the ſame was dayly ſhown.

The Italian, French, and Spaniſh tongue,
ſhe well could ſpeak or reed,
The Turkiſh and Arabian ſpech,
grew perfect at her need.
The muſick made her wonderful,
ſo cunning therein found,
The ſame whereof about the world,
in Princes eares did ſound.

For

Yet when her Royal parents lives,
by death were tane away,
And her dear brother Edward turn'd,
to clods of earth and clay.
Her cruel sister Mary sought,
her lasting grief and woe.
Regarding not the gifts which God,
upon her did bestow.

A bloody reign Queen Mary liv'd,
a Papist in belief.
Which was unto Elizabeth,
a great heart breaking grief.
A faithful Protestant she was,
at which Queen Mary spighted,
And in Elizabeths mishaps,
she dayly much delighted.

Poor maiden by the Bishops wills,
in prison she was put,
And from her friends and comforters,
in cruel manner shut.
Much hoping she would turn in time,
and her true faith forsake.
But firm she was, and patiently,
did all these troubles take.

Her sister forthwith gave command,

her dyet to be small,
Her servants likewise very few,
yea almost none at all,
And also would have tane her life,
but that King Phillip said,
O Queen thy country will report,
thou hast the Tyger plaid.

The Lord thus put the King in mind,
his chosen saint to save.
And also to Queen Maries life,
a sudden ending gave.
And so Elizabeth was fetcht,
from prison to a Crown.
Which she full four and forty years,
possest with great renown,

She Popery first of all suppress,
and in our English tongue.
Did cause Gods Bible to be read,
which heaven continue long.
Pure preaching likewise she ordain'd,
with plenty in this Land,
And still against the foes thereof,
most zealously did stand.

The pride of Rome this Queen abates,
and spightful Spain keeps under,

and

and succour'd much low Country states,
whereat the world did wonder.
That such a worthy Queen as she,
should work such worthy things,
And bring more honour to this Land,
then all our former Kings.

The gold still brought from Spanish mines,
in spight of all our foes,
Throughout all parts of Christendome,
her brave adventure shows.
Her battels fought upon the seas,
resounded up to heaven,
Which to advance her fame and praise,
had victory still given.

The Spanish power in eighty eight,
which thirsted for her blood,
Most nobly like an Amazon,
their purposes withstood,
And boldly in her Royal camp,
in person she was seen,
The like was never done I think,
by any English Queen.

Full many a Traytor since that time,
she hath confounded quite,
And not the bloodiest mind of all,

her

her coutage could affright.
For mercy joyn'd with Majesty,
still made her foes her friends,
By pardoning many which deserv'd
to have untimely ends.

Tyron with all his Irish rout,
of Rebels in that Land,
Though ne'r so desprate, bold or stout,
yet fear'd her great Command.
She made them quake and tremble sore.
but for to beat her name,
She planted peace in that fair Land,
and did their wildness tame.

Though wars she kept with dangers great,
in Ireland, France, and Spain,
Yet here true subjects still at home
in safety did remain.
They joy'd to see her Princely face,
and would in numbers run,
To meet her Royal Majesty,
More thick then Moats in Sun.

But time that brings all things to end,
a swift-foot course did run,
And of this Royal Maiden Queen,
a woful conquest won.

Her death brought fear upon the Land,
no words but Tales of woe,
In subjects ears resounded then,
where ever men did go,

But fear exchang'd to present joyes,
sweet comforts loud did bring,
Instead of Quéen the people cry'd,
long live our Royal King.
Which name of King did seem most strange
and made us for to muse,
Because full many a year the name,
of King we did not use.

But such a Noble King is he,
and so maintains our peace,
That we in that may daply with,
his life may never cease,
Our hopeful and most Royal Prince,
good Angels still defend,
This is my Muses chief desire,
her melody to end.

A Song of a King and a Begger.

I Read that once in Africa,
a Prince that there did reign,
Who had to name Cophetua,
as Poets they did feign.

From

From Natures Lawes he did decline,
For sure he was not of my mind,
He cared not for Women-kind,
but did them all disdain.
But mark what hapned on a day,
As he out of his window lay,
He saw a Begger all in gray,
which did increase his pain.

The blinded Boy that shoots so trim,
from heaven soon did hye,
He drew a dart and shot at him,
in place where he did lye.
Which soon did prick him to the quick,
For when he felt the arrow prick,
Which in his tender heart did stick,
he look't as he would dye.
What sudden change is this quoth he?
That I to love must subject be,
which never thereto would agree,
but still did it detest.

Then from the window he did come,
and laid him on his bed,
A thousand heaps of cares did run,
within his troubled head.
For now he means to crave her love,
And now he seeks which way to prove,

How he his fancy might remove,
and not this Begger rue.
But Cupid did him so insnare,
That this poor Begger must prepare,
A salve to cure him of his care,
or else he would be dead,

And as he musing thus did lye,
he thought for to devise,
How he might have her company,
That so did maze his eyes.
In thee quoth he, doth rest my life,
For surely thou shalt be my wife,
Or all this hand with bloody knife,
the Gods shall sure suffice.
Then from his bed he soon arose,
And to this Pallace gate he goes,
Full little then this begger knowes
when she the King espies.

The Gods preserve your Majesty,
the Beggers all began to cry.
Vouchsafe to give your charity,
our children food to buy.
The King to them his purse did cast,
And they to part it made great hast,
The silly woman was the last,
after that them did hye.

The King he cal'd her back again,
And unto her he gave his chain.
And said with us thou shalt remain,
till such time as I dye.

For surely thou shalt be my wife,
and honoured like the Queen.
With thee I mean to lead my life,
as shortly shall be seen.
Our wedding shall appointed be,
And every thing in its degree.
Come on quoth he and follow me,
thou shalt go shift thee clean.
What is thy name? go on quoth he.
Penelophon, O King quoth she,
With that she made a low courtsie,
a trim one as I ween.

Thus hand in hand along they walk,
unto the Kings Palace,
The King with courteous comely talk,
this begger doth imbrace.
The begger blushed Scarlet red,
And straight again as pale as lead,
she was in such amaze.
At least she spake with trembling voyce,
And said O King I do rejoyce,
That you will take me for your choice,
and my degree's so base.

And when the wedding day was come
the King commanded straight.
The Noble-men both all and some,
upon the Queen to wait.
And she behav'd her self this day,
As if she never walkt that way,
She had forgot her Gown of Gray,
which she did ware of late.
The Proverb old is come to pass,
The Priest when he begins his mass,
Forgets that ever Clerke he was,
he knowth not his estate.

Here may you read Cophetua,
through fancy long time led,
Compelled to the blinded Boy,
the Begger for to wed.
He that did Lovers looks disdain,
To do the same was glad and fain,
Or else he would himself have slain,
in stories as we read.
Disdain no whit O Lady dear,
But pitty now thy servant here,
Least that it hap to thee this year,
as to the King it did.

And thus they lead a quiet life,
during their Princely reign,

And

And in a Tomb were buried both,
as Writers ſhew us plain.
The Lords they took it grieuously,
The Ladies took it heavily
The Commons cryed pitiouſly,
their death to them was pain.
Their fame did ſound ſo pallingly:
That it did pierce the ſtarry ſky.
And throughout all the earth did fly,
to every Princes Realm.

A Lovers Song in praiſe of his Miſtris,
The tune is Apelles.

IF that Apelles now did reign,
Who ever ſought for to have fame,
He might have won with leſſer pain,
A greater honour to his name:
For with great pain he ſought all Greece,
Till he had found the faireſt piece.

Throughout all Greece he could not view,
ſo fair, ſo ſoft, ſo fine withal.
Nor yet his Pincel ever drew,
ſo fair a piece nor never ſhall.
Wherefore if he had ſeen thoſe dayes,
He might have won a greater praiſe.

Oh happy man might she have said,
If he had lived to this time,
For to have seen so fair a maid,
in all proportion made so fine.
Her fulgent face so fair so clear,
That Europe cannot the wher peer.

Pigmalion with his gravers then,
could never work so fair a piece;
Nor yet Apelles in his time,
did ever see the like in Greece.
For if he had he would have said,
That Venus was not like this maid.

She is a graft of noble growth,
and worthy she is of her fame,
For why her vertue plainly showth,
that well she hath deserv'd the same.
Wherefore my painful pen alwaies,
Shall never cease to write her praise.

Oh that my pen could print her praise,
according to her just desert,
That I may say and see these dayes,
that I desired with my heart,
For still I thought and ever shall,
My Mistris praise might passe them all.

Now prof and praise in one is knit, and

and hath blown to praise this maid,
And justice doth in judgment sit,
for to perform what you have said.
Thus to conclude and end to make,
Unto the Gods I her betake.

Another.
To a new tune.

THe Bee doth love the sweetest flower,
So doth the blossome the April shower,
And I do love that Lady truely,
Why should not I love her that loves me.
The Bird doth love the morning bright,
To see the day is her delight.
And I do to see her face,
In whom that I do love is my solace.

The fish doth love the Flouds by kind,
For want of them they are but pind.
And I do love her presence so,
Whom I do love and love no moe.
The Leapord doth love to lye and prey,
Upon the faces that go him by,
And I do love to look and gaze,
Upon my true loves pleasant face,

The Deer doth love in woods to dwel,

As

as I to you the truth ſhall tell,
And I do love as doth the Deer,
My where I love would that I were;
Troylus that Lord withal his might,
Creſſus of Troy that was ſo bright;
And I do love as far as he,
And ever ſhall until I dye.

A ſervants ſorrow for the loſs of his late Royal Miſtris Queen An. who dyed at Hampton Court.

The tune is in ſad and aſhy weeds

IN dole and déep diſtreſs,
poor ſoul I ſighing make my moan,
A doom of heavineſs,
conſtrains my heavy heart to groan.
Then hapleſſe I,
That thus muſt cry:
Againſt thoſe Siſter three.
Which to my pain,
Her life have tane,
That late did comfort me.

In ſable wéeds I mourn,

my

my Princesse absence to condole,
Who never can return,
unto my sad forsaken soul.
Yet will I shew,
The grounds of woe,
Of such as mourners be,
For sorrowing care,
Will be my share,
When none will comfort me.

My golden Sun is fled,
and clearest day beset with clouds,
A hollow sheet of Lead,
my late beloved Princesse shrouds.
For whose sweet sake,
This moan I make,
As all the world may see,
There is no joy,
But in annoy,
Then who can comfort me?

With grief I waste away,
remembring oft my gracious Meen;
We servants all may say;
and witness well what she hath bin:
A Princesse kind,
Adorn'd with courtesie.

But

But now a grave,
That grace will have,
And none will comfort me.

Oh let my careful eyes,
to sadnels Court and Country move
No mourning may suffice,
to tell my dear affecting love.
Nor worlds of wo,
Cannot well show,
The griefs that setled be,
Within my breast,
So much distrest,
So none can comfort me.

Yet mourners there be store,
of Kings, of States, and Princes high,
Who sadly do deplore,
the want of that sweet Majesty.
Who spent their dayes,
In vertuous wayes,
And doing good we see,
Her liberal hand,
Ador'd this Land,
Which much doth comfort me.

My Soveraign Lord King James,
lamenting moans his Turtle dear,

And

And Princely Charles out-streams,
ful many a sad and sorrowful tear,
So at that Race,
Of Royal grace,
And blooms of Majesty,
conjoyn in one,
For to make moan,
Yet none will comfort me.

The Palsgrave of the Rhine,
with Denmarks most true, honoured King
Unto sad sorrows shrine,
some sacrificing tears will bring.
Elizabeth,
Thy mothers death,
A mournful newes will be.
To fill those Courts,
With sad reports,
Yet no man comfort me.

Methinks the Netherlands,
and German Princes of her kin,
Possest with sorrow stands,
and sadly thus their grief begin.
Farewel, adieu,
Sweet Queen so true,
Thy life much milk will be,
For rich and poor,
fed on thy score.

But

But now none comforts me.

Where e'r her highnes went,
sweet bounty freely she bestow'd,
The gifts that God her sent,
unto the world she Nobly show'd.
Which many wayes,
Advanc'd her praise
So full of good was she,
The which did move,
All men to love,
But now none comforts me.

You Ladies fair and fine,
attendants on this Royal Queen,
Her grace is made Divine.
on this dull earth not to be seen.
Her soul is flown,
Up to that throne,
Where Angels reigning be,
Whilst I aspire,
To vain desire,
For now none comforts me.

Oh blessed be that mould,
Which shall contain so sweet a prize,
Keep safe the same inrold,
untoucht, unseen of mortall eyes

till

Till from this earth,
A second birth,
Of newness framed be,
And till that hour;
Preserve this flower,
Whose goodness comforts me.

A Quéen and mother dear,
a wife, a Daughter to a King,
A Sister Royal here,
and Grandam as renown doth ring,
Which rich born fame,
Hath grac'd her name,
Though all now buried be.
Yet after dayes,
Shall sound her praise,
Which greatly comforts me.

The good Shepheards sorrow for the death of his beloved Son.

To a new tune.

IN sad and ashy weeds,
I sigh, I pine, I grive, I mourn,
My Oats and yellow Reeds
I now to Jeat and Ebon turn,

my

My urged eyes:
Like winter skyes,
My furrowed cheeks ore-flow,
All heaven knows, why:
Men mourn as I.
And who can blame my woe?

In sable Robes of night,
my days of joy apparel'd be,
My sorrows see no light,
my light through sorrows nothing see.
For now my sun,
His date hath run,
And from my Sphere doth go,
To endlesse bed,
Of folded Lead,
And who can blame my woe.

My flocks I now forsake,
that silly Sheep my grief may know,
And Lillies loath to take,
that since his fall presume to grow.
I envy Aye,
Because it dare.
Stil breath, and be not so,
Hate earth that doth,
Intomb his youth,
And who can blame my woe?

not

Now A poꝛ Lad alone,
(alone how can ſuch ſoꝛrow be)
Not onely men make mone,
but moꝛe then men make moan with me,
the gods of Græns,
the Mountain Nuéns
The Fairy circled Row,
the Muſes nine,
the Nymphs divine,
Do all condole my woe.

You awful gods of skies,
if Shepherds may you queſtion thus,
What Ditty to ſupply,
tak you this gentle Star from us:
is Hermes fled:
is Cupid dead?
Doth Sol his ſeat foꝛgo,
oꝛ Jove his Joy,
he ſtole from Troy?
Oꝛ who hath fram'd this woe:

Did not mine eyes, O Heaven,
adoꝛe your light as well befoꝛe:
But that amidſt you ſeven
you fixed have one Planet moꝛe:
you may well raiſe,
now double days,

On this ſad Earth below,
your powers have won,
another Sun,
And who can blame our woe?

At your great hands I aske
this boon, which you may eaſily grant,
That till my utmoſt maske
of death I ſtill may moan his want,
ſince his divine
parts with you ſhine,
Too bright for us below,
and earths ſad breſt,
entombs the reſt,
Yet mine is all the woe.

Coridons comfort.

The ſecond Part of the good Shepheard.

To the ſame Tune.

PEace ſhepheard ceaſe to moan,
in vain is all this grief and woe,
For him that's from us gone,

and can alack return no more.
but yet indeed
the Oaten Reed
and mirth thou late didſt know,
I blame thée not
if now forgot,
for who can blame my woe?

The breath had once a ſound
harmonious, is in ſighing ſpent;
The temples once were bound
with chaplets, or a pleaſant ſent,
now Cypreſs wear.
thy grief and care
to all the world of ſhow,
the pipe ſo ſwéet,
thy lips ſo méet,
and who can blame thy woe?

The murmur of the brook
hath béen delightful,
Much pleaſure haſt thou took
ſweet Philomela's note to hear:
to ſée that quire
from buſh to bryer
leap lightly to and fro.
the Summers Quéen,
attir'd in gréen,
but now tis nothing ſo.

To see the Queen of Flowers
when hoary Hyems part is done
Deck up those Summer Bowers,
defend us from the parching Sun,
to see the ground
embroidered round,
And every Tree to show
his virid dye
hath pleas'd thine eye,
But now 'tis nothing so.

Too well I know thy sheep
at random graze upon the plain:
Grief lulls thee now asleep,
and now thou walkst to grief again:
asleep, awake,
for his dear sake,
Some sign of sorrow show:
no bed of rest
can ease thy breast,
And who can blame thy woe?

No man, the man that knew
for whom our fainting bodies wear
These robes of saddest hue,
and woes more black imbrested bear,
can well forbear
to shed a tear:

Griefs

Griefs ſtill will overflow,
pale ſorrows curſe
hath ſtill ſuch force,
Then who can blame my woe?

Thy woes I cannot blame,
but in ſorrows bear a part,
Yet now to patience frame,
and ſée the ſalve cures all our ſmart,
this bud is dead,
is gone, is fled,
But in his place doth grow,
a Flower as fair,
as freſh as rare,
And he cures all our woe.

A mournful Ditty of the death of the fair Roſamond, King Henry the Second's Concubine.

To the Tune of Flying Fame.

WHen as King Henry rul'd this Land,
the ſecond of that name,
Beſides the Quéen he dearly lov'd
a fair and Princely Dame:
Moſt péerleſs was her beauty found,
her Favour and her grace,

A sweeter Creature in the world
did never Prince embrace.
Her crisped locks like threads of Gold,
appeared to each mans sight:
Her comely eyes like orient Pearls
did cast a heavenly light.
The blood within her Crystal cheeks,
did such a colour drive,
As though the Lilly and the Rose,
for Mastership did strive.
Yea Rosamond, fair Rosamond,
her name was called so,
To whom Dame Elenor our Queen
Was known a mortall foe:
The King therefore for her defence
against the furious Queen,
At Woodstock builded such a Bower
the like was never seen.
Most curiously this Bower was built
of stone and timber strong,
An hundred and fifty doores
did to this bower belong:
And they so cunningly contriv'd
with turnings round about,
That none but by a clew of thread
could enter in or out.
And for his Love and Ladies sake
that was so fair and bright,

The képing of this Bower he gave
unto a valiant Knight:
But fortune that doth often frown
where ſhe before did ſmile,
The Kings delight, the Ladies joy,
full ſoone ſhe did beguile.
For why the Kings ungracious ſonne,
whom he did high advance,
Againſt his Father raiſed wars,
within the Realm of France:
But yet before our comely King
the Engliſh Land forſook,
Of Roſamond his Lady fair,
his laſt farewell he took.
O Roſamond the onely Roſe,
that pleaſeth beſt mine eye,
The faireſt Roſe in all the world
to féed my fantaſie:
The flower of mine affected heart,
whoſe ſweetneſſe doth exceell,
My Royal Roſe a thouſand times
I bid thée now farewell.
For I muſt leave my fancies flower,
my ſwéeteſt Roſe a ſpace,
And croſſe the Seas to famous France,
proud Rebels to abaſe;
But yet my Roſe be ſure thou ſhalt
my coming ſhortly ſée,

And in my heart while hence I am,
ile bear my Rose with me.
When Rosamond that Lady bright
did hear the King say so,
The sorrow of her grieved heart
her outward parts did show;
And from her clear and crystal eyes
the tears gusht out apace,
Which like the silver pearled dew
ran down her comely face.
Her lips like to a Coral red
did war both wan and pale,
And for the sorrow she conceiv'd,
her vital spirits did fail;
And falling down all in a swound
before King Henries face,
Full oft within his Princely arms
her Corps he did imbrace.
And twenty times with watry eyes
he kist her tender cheek,
Until he had revid'o again
her senses milde and meek:
Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose:
the King did often say.
Because quoth she to bloody wars
my Lord must part away.
And with your Grace in forein Coasts,
among your foes unkind,

Must

Muſt go to hazard life and limb,
why ſhould I ſtay behinde?
Nay rather let me like a Page
your Shield and Target bear,
That on my breaſt the blow may light,
that ſhall annoy you there.
O let me in your Royal Tent
prepare your bed at night,
And with ſwéet baths refreſh your Grace
at your return from fight.
So I your preſence may enjoy,
no toil I will refuſe,
But wanting you my life is death,
which doth true love abuſe.
Content thy ſelf my deareſt Friend,
thy reſt at home ſhall be
In England's ſwæt and pleaſant ſoil,
for travel fits not thée;
Fair Ladies brook no bloody Wars,
ſwéet peace their pleaſures bréed,
The nouriſhers of their hearts content,
which fancy firſt doth féed.
My Roſe doth reſt in Woodſtock Bower,
with Muſicks ſwéet delight,
While I among the piercing Pikes
againſt my Foes do fight.
My Roſe in Robes of Pearl and Gold,
with Diamonds richly dight,

Shall dance the Galliards of my love,
whilst I my foes do smite,
And you Sir Thomas whom I trust
to be my Loves defence.
Be careful of my gallant Rose
when I am parted hence:
And therewithal he fetch'd a sigh,
as though his heart would break,
And Rosamond for very grief,
not one plain word could speak.
And at their parting well they might
in heart be grieved sore:
After that day fair Rosamond
did see the King no more.
For when his Grace had past the Seas,
and into France was gone,
Queen Elenor with envious heart
in Woodstock came anone:
And forth she call'd this trusty Knight,
which kept this curious bower,
Who with his twined clew of thread,
came from that famous flower:
And when that they had wounded him,
the Queen this thread did get,
And went where Lady Rosamond
was like an Angel set.
But when the Queen with stedfast eyes,
beheld her heavenly face,

She was amazed in her mind
at her exceeding grace:
Cast off thy Robes from thée she said,
that rich and costly be,
And drink thée off this deadly draught
which I have brought for thée.
But presently upon her Knée
sweet Rosamond did fall,
And pardon of the Queen she crav'd,
for her offences all.
Take pitie of my youthful years
fair Rosamond did cry,
And let me not with poison strong
enforced be to die:
I will renounce this sinful life,
and in a Cloyster bide,
Or else be banisht if you please
to range the world so wide:
And for the fault which I have done,
though I was forc'd thereto,
Preserve my life and punish me
as you think good to do;
And with these words her Lilly hands
she wrung full often there,
And down along her lovely chéeks
procéeded many a tear:
But nothing could this furious Queen
therewith appeased be.

The cup of deadly poyſon fill'd,
as ſhe ſate on her knee,
She gave that comely Dame to drink,
who tok it in her hand,
And from her bended knees aroſe,
and on her fèet did ſtand;
And caſting up her eyes to heaven,
ſhe did for mercy call,
And drinking up the poyſon ſtrong,
her life ſhe loſt withal.
And when that death through every limb
had done her greateſt ſpight,
Her chiefeſt foes did plain confeſs
ſhe was a glorious Wight.
Her body then they did intomb,
when life was fled away,
At Godſtow near to Oxford Town,
as may be ſèen this day.

A moſt rare and excellent Hiſtory of the Dutcheſs of Suffolk's calamity.

To the Tune of Queen Dido.

WHen God had taken for our ſin
That prudent Prince K. Edward away,
Then bloody Bonner did begin,

his raging malice to bewray,
ll thoſe that did Gods word profeſs,
re perſecuted more or leſs.

hus whilſt the Lord did on us lower,
many in priſon he did throw,
ormenting them in Lollards Tower,
whereby they might the truth forgo:
hen Cranmer, Ridley, and the reſt
ere burn'd in fire whom Chriſt profeſt,

mithfield was then with Faggots fill'd,
and many places more beſide,
t Coventry was Sanders kil'd,
at Woſter ehe good Hooper dy'd:
nd to eſcape this bloody day,
eyond Seas many went away.

mongſt the reſt that ſought relief,
and for their faith in danger ſtood,
ady Elizabeth was the chief,
K. Henries Daughter of Royal blood,
ithin the Tower did Priſoner lie,
oking each day when ſhe ſhould die.

he Dutcheſs of Suffolk ſeeing this,
whoſe life likewiſe the Tyrant ſought,
hen in the hopeof heavenly bliſs,

within

within Gods word her comfort wrought
For fear of death was faine to flye,
And leave her house most secretly.

That for the love of Christ alone,
her Lands and Goods she left behind,
Seeking still for that precious stone,
the Word of truth so rare to find:
She with her Nurse, husband and child,
In poor aray their sight beguil'd.

Thus through London they passed along,
each one did take a several street,
Thus all unknown escaping wrong,
at Billinsgate they all did meet:
Like people poor in Gravesend Barge,
They simply went with all their charge.

And along from Gravesend town,
with Journeys short on foot they went,
Unto the Seas coast they came down,
to passe the Seas was their intent:
And God provided so that day,
That they took ship and sayl'd away.

And with a prosperous gale of wind,
in Flanders safe they did arive,
This was to their great ease of mind,

and from their hearts much woe did driue:
And ſo with thanks to God on high,
They took their way to Germany.

Thus as they travel'd ſtill diſguis'd
upon the High-way ſuddenly,
By cruel theeves they were ſurpriz'd
aſſayling their ſmall company:
And for their treaſure and their ſtore,
They took away and beat them ſore.

The Nurſe in middle of the fight,
laid down the child upon the ground,
She run away out of their ſight,
and never after that was found:
Then did the Dutches make great moan,
With her good Husband all alone.

The theeves had their horſes kill'd,
and all their money quite had took,
The pretty Baby almoſt ſpild,
was by the Nurſe likewiſe forſook,
And they far from their friends did ſtand,
All ſuccourleſs in a ſtrange Land.

The Skys likewiſe began to ſcoule,
it hail'd and rain'd in piteous ſort;
The way was long and piteous foule,

then

then may I now full well report
Their grief and sorrow was not small,
When this unhappy chance did fall.

Sometime the Dutches bore the Child
as well as ever she could be,
And when the Lady kinde and milde
was weary, then the Childe bore he:
And thus they one another eas'd,
And with their fortunes were well pleas'd.

And after many weary steps,
all wet-shot both in dirt and mire,
After much grief their heart it leaps,
for labour doth some rest require:
A town before them they did see,
But lodg'd therein they could not be.

From house to house then they did go,
seeing where they that night might lie,
But want of money was their woe,
and still the Babe with cold did cry:
With cap and knee they court'sie make,
But none on them would pitty take.

Loe here a Princess of great blood,
doth pray a Peasant for relief,
With tears bedewed as she stood,

yet

yet few or none regards her grief;
Her speech they could not understand,
But gave her money in her hand.

When all in vain their pains were spent,
and that they could not house-room get,
Into a Church Porch then they went,
to stand out of the rain and wet;
Then said the Dutches to her dear,
Oh that we had a fire here!

Then did her Husband so provide,
that fire and coals he got with speed:
She sate down by the fire side,
to dresse her daughter that had need;
And while she dress't it in her lap,
Her Husband made the infant pap.

Anon the Sextone thither came,
and finding them there by the fire,
The drunken knave, all void of shame,
to drive them out was his desire:
And spurning forth that noble Dame,
Her Husbands wrath it did inflame:

And all in fury as he stood,
he wrung the Church Keyes out of his hand,
And struck him so, that all of blood

his head ran down where he did stand:
Wherefore the Sexton presently,
For help and aid aloud did cry.

Then came the officers in haste,
and took the Dutches and her Child,
And with her Husband thus they past,
like Lambs beset with Tygers wild,
And to the Governour was brought,
Who understood them not in ought.

Then Master Bartu brave and bold,
in latine made a gallant speech:
Which all their miseries did unfold,
and their high favour did beseech:
With that a Doctor sitting by
Did know the Dutches presently.

And thereupon arising straight,
with words abashed at his sight,
Unto them all that there did wait,
he thus broke forth in words aright:
Behold within your sight, quoth he,
A Princess of most high degree.

With that the Governour and the rest,
were all amazed the same to hear:
Who welcomed this new-come Guest,

with reverence great and Princely chear,
And afterwards conveyed they were,
Unto their friend Prince Cassemere.

A Sonne she had in Germany,
Peregrine Bartu call'd by name:
Surnam'd the good Lord Willowby,
of courage great and worthy fame:
Her Daughter young which with her went,
Was afterwards Countess of Kent.

For when Queen Mary was deceast,
The Duchess home return'd again:
Who was of sorrow quite releast,
by Queen Elizabeths happy raign:
Whose godly life and piety
We all may praise continually.

The ſecond Part.

The lamentable fall of the great Dutches of Gloceſter, the wife of Duke Humfrey: how ſhe did penance in London ſtreets bare footed, with a wax Candle in her hand: and how at laſt ſhe was baniſhed the Land, where in exile, in the Iſle of Man, ſhe ended her daye in woe.

To the tune of, Fortune my Foe.

ONce a Dutches was of great renown,
My husband nére allied to Englands crown,
The good Duke Humfrey titled was his name,
Till Fortune frown'd upon his glorious fame:
Henry the fifth that King of gallant grace,
Of whom my Husband claim'd a brothers place,
And was Protector made of his young Sonne,
When Princely Henries thred of life was spun.

Henry the firth a Child of nine months old,
Then rul'd this Land with all our Barons bold,
And in brave Paris crown'd King of France,
Fair England with more honour to advance:
Then sway'd Duke Humfry like a glorious King,
And was Protector over every thing:

Even

Even as he would, to please his hearts desire,
But envie soon extinguisht all his fire.

In height of all his pompall Majesty,
From Cobham house with speed he married me,
Fair Elenor, the pride of Ladies all,
In Court and City people did me call:
Then flanted I in Greenwich stately Towers:
My winters mansions, & my summers bowers,
Which gallant house now since those days hath
The palace brave of many a king and queen (been

The silver Thames, that sweetly pleas'd mine eye
Procur'd me golden thoughts of Majesty:
The kind contents and murmur of the water,
Made me forget the wo's that would come after
No gallant Dame nor Lady in this Land,
But much desired in my Love to stand:
My golden pride increased day by day,
As though such pleasures never would decay.

On gold and silver Looms my garments fair
Were woven still by women strange and rare,
Imbroidered curiously with Median silke,
More white than thistle-down, or mornings milk
My coaches and my stately pampred Steeds,
Well furnisht in their Gold be-trapped weeds,
With gentle glidings in the Summer nights,
Still yielded me the Evenings sweet delights.

A hundred Gentlemen in purple chains,
As many virgin Maids were still in trains,
The Queen of Egypt with her pomp and glory,
For pleasure could not equal this my story.
But yet at last my golden Sun declined,
And Englands Court at these my joys repined:
For soon my husband in his honoured place,
Amongst the Barons reaped some disgrace:
Which grudge being grown & sprung up to that (height
Unto his charge they laid some crime of weight
And then in prison cast good Royal Duke,
Without mis-deed he suffered vile rebuke:
They took from him his great Protectors name,
Through causes which those Peers did falsly frame:
And after overcome with malice deep
My noble Lord they murthered in his sleep.

The kind young K. having thus his Uncle lost,
Was day by day with troubles vext and crost,
For such ambition in the Land then bred,
That from the factious house of York took head:
Oh kingly Lancaster, my husbands line,
His death began his fall as well as mine:
For being dead, his livings and his lands
They seized all into King Henries hands:
And after turn'd me friendlesse out of door,
To spend my days like to a woman poor.

Dis-

Diſcharging me from all my pompal train,
But Elenor would a Lady ſtill remain.

The noble ſpirit of a Womans will,
Within my breſt did burn in fury ſtill,
And raging ſo in my revengeful minde,
Till I the Murtherers of my Lord did finde,
But knowing them to be of power and might,
Of whom no Juſtice could by Law take right:
But yet to nourish up my thoughts in evil,
I crav'd the help of Hell and of the Devil.

To practice Witch-craft then was my intent,
And therefore for the Witch of Ely ſent,
And for old Bullingbrook of Lancaſhire,
Of whom for charms the land ſtood much in fear:
We ſlept by day & walkt by mid-night hours,
The time the ſpels have forces greateſt powers
The twi-lights and the dawning of the morns,
When Elfs & Fairies take their gliding forms,

Red ſtreaming blood fel down my azur'd veins,
To make Characters in round circled veins,
With dead mens ſculs by brimſton burned quite,
To raiſe the dreadful ſhadows of the night:
All this by black inchanting Arts to ſpil,
Their hated bloods that did Duke Humfry kil.
My Royal Lord untimely tane from me,
Yet no revengement for him could I ſee.

For by the hand of justful dooming Heaven,
We were prevented all, and notice given,
How we by witchcraft sought the spoile of those
That secretly had been Duke Humfries Foes:
Wherefore my two companions for this crime,
Did suffer death, ere nature spent their time,
Poor Elenor I, because of noble birth,
Endur'd a stranger punishment than death.

It pleased so the Councel of my King,
Me to disrobe of every gorgeous thing,
My Chains, my Rings, and Jewels of such prize
Were chang'd to rags more base than rugged frize
And by command along each London stréet,
To go in Penance, wrapped in a sheet,
Bare-foted with a Taper in my hand,
The like did never Lady in this Land.

My fét that lately trod the steps of pleasure,
Now flinty stones so sharp were forc'd to measure;
Yet none alive where I did come or go,
Durst shed one trickling tear at this my wo.
Break heart and die, here ended not my pain,
I Judged was an exile to remain,
And go a banisht Lady from this place,
Wherein my blooming youth I liv'd in grace.
The remnant of those years which God me gave,

Poor

For baniſht Elenor ſpent to find her Grave.
And left this Land where ſhe was bred & born,
In forrain Soyles for her miſdéds to mourn:
The Iſle of Man incompaſt by the Sea,
To England named ſo unto this day,
Impriſoned me within the watry round,
Till time and death found me a burying ground

Full nineteen years in ſorrow thus I ſpent,
Without one hour or minuite of content,
Remembring former joys of modeſt life,
Whilſt I bore name of good D. Humfries wife:
The loſs of Grinwich towers did grieve me ſore
But death of my dear Love ten thouſand more;
Yea all the joyes once in my Bower and Hall,
Are darts of grief to wound me now withal.

Farewel dear friends, farewel my Courtly (trains,
My late renown is turn'd to lingring pains:
My melody of muſicks ſilver ſound,
Are Snakes and adders hiſſing on the ground:
The Downie bed whereon I lay full ſoft,
Are ſun-burnt heaps of Moſs now ſeeming ſoft,
And waren Tapers lighting to my bed,
Be Stars about the ſilver Moon beſpread.

Inſtead of wine I now drink waters clear:
Which pays for my delightful Banquets dear:

Thus

Thus changeth ſtately pomp and courtly joys;
When pleaſures endeth with ſuch deep annoies
My beauteous cheeks wher Cupid vaunt & plaid,
Are wrinckled grown, & quite with grief decaid:
My hair turn'd white, my yellow eyes ſtarke
And all my body altered from her kind. (blind,

Ring out my knel you birds in top of Skye,
Quite tyr'd with woes, here Elenor néeds muſt
Receive me Earth into thy gentle womb, (die:
A baniſht Lady craves no other tomb.;
Thus died the famous Dutches of our Land,
Controld by changing fortuns ſtern command:
Let thoſe that ſit in place of high degrée,
Think on their ends that like to hers may be.

A Courtly new Song of the Princely wooing of the fair Maid of London, by King Edward.

To the tune of, Bonny ſweet Robin.

FAir Angel of England, thy beauty ſo bright,
Is all my hearts treaſure, my joy & delight:
Then grant me, ſweet Lady, thy true love to be,
That I may ſay, Welcome good fortune to me.

The Turtle ſo true, and chaſt in her love,

By

By gentle perſwaſions her fancy will move:
Then be not intreated ſweet Lady in vain,
For nature requireth what I would obtain.

That Phenix ſo famous that liveth alone,
Is avowed to chaſtity being but one.
But be not my darling ſo chaſte in deſire,
Leſt thou like the Phenix, do penance in fire,

But alas, gallant Lady, I pitty thy ſtate,
In being reſolved to live without Mate;
For if of our courting the pleaſures you knew,
You would have a liking the ſame to enſue.

Long time I have ſued the ſame to obtain:
Yet am I requited with ſcornful diſdain:
But if you will grant your good favour to me,
You ſhall be advanced to Princely degree.

Promotions and honours may often entice
The chaſteſt that liveth, though never ſo nice.
What woman ſo worthy but will be content
To live in Palace where Princes frequent?

Two Brides young & princely to Church I have
two ladies moſt lovely have decked my bed: (led
Yet hath thy love taken more rot in mine heart
Then all their contentment wherof I had part:

Your

your gentle harts canot mens tears much abide,
and women most angry when least they do chid,
Then yeild to me kindly, and say that at length
Men do want mercy, and poor women strength.

I grant that fair Ladies may poor men resist:
But princes may conquer & love whom they list:
A King may command her to lie by his side,
Whose feature deserveth to be a Kings Bride.

In granting your love, you shall have Renown,
your head shalbe deckt with Englands fair crown
thy garment so gallant with gold shalbe wrought
If true love for treasure of thee may be bought:

Great Ladies of Honour shall tend on thy train
Most richly attired in Scarlet of grain:
A chamber most Princely thy person shall keep,
where virgins with musick shall rock thee asleep.

If any more Pleasures thine heart can invent,
Command them sweet Lady thy mind to content
for Kings gallant courts where princes do dwel,
Afford such sweet pastimes as Ladies love well.

Then be not resolved to dye a true Maid,
But print in thy bosome the words I have said:
And grant a King favour thy true Love to be,
That I may say, welcome sweet Lady to me.

The fair Maid of Londons anſwer to King Edwards wanton Love.

To the ſame tune.

O Wanton King Edward 'tis labour in vain,
to follow the pleaſures thou canſt not attain
which getting thou loſeſt & having doſt waſt it,
The which if thou purchaſe, is ſpoil if thou haſt (it:
But if thou obtainſt it thou nothing haſt won,
And I loſing nothing, yet quite am undone:
But if of that Jewel a King do deceive me,
No King can reſtore, though a kingdom he give (me.
My colour is changed ſince you ſaw me laſt,
My favour is baniſht, my beauty is paſt:
The roſe-red bluſhes that ſat on my cheeks,
To paleneſs is turn'd, which all men miſlikes.

I paſs not what Princes for love do proteſt,
The name of a Virgin contenteth me beſt:
I have not deſerved to ſleep by thy ſide,
Nor to be accounted for King Edwards Bride.

The name of a Princeſs I never did crave,
No ſuch type of honor thy handmaid will have:
My

My breſt ſhall not harbor ſo lofty a thought.
Nor be with rich favors to wantonnes brought.

If wild wanton Roſamond, one of our ſort,
Had never frequented K. Henries brave Court,
Such heaps of deep ſorrow ſhe never had ſeen,
Nor taſted the rage of a jealous Queen.

All men have their freedom to ſhew their intent
They win not a woman except ſhe conſent:
Who then can impute to men any fault,
Who ſtill go upright til women do hault?

Tis counted a kindneſſe in men for to try,
And vertue in women the ſame to deny:
For women unconſtant can never be prov'd,
Until by their betters therein they be mov'd.

If women and modeſty once do but ſever,
Then farewel good name and credit for ever.
And royal King Edward, let me be eſti'd,
Ere any man knows that my bodies defil'd.

No, no, my old Fathers reverend tears,
To great an impreſſion within my ſoul bears,
Nor ſhall his bright honor the blot by me have,
To bring his gray hairs with grief to the grave.

The Heavens forbid, that when I ſhall dye,

Any

Any such sin should upon my soul lie:
If I have thus kept me from doing this sin,
My heart shall not yeild with a Prince to begin

Come rather with pity and weep on my tomb,
Then for my birth curse my dear mothers womb
That brought forth a blossome that stained the
With wanton desires to shame her and me. (tree

Leave me, most noble King, tempt not in vain
My milk-white affection with lewdnes to stain:
Though England wil give me no comfort at all,
Yet England will grant me a sad burial.

The story of ill May-day in the time of King Henry the eighth, and why it was so called: and how Queen Katherine begged the lives of two thousand London Prentices.

To the tune of, Essex good night.

PEruse the stories of this Land,
and with advisement mark the same:
And you shall fully understand
how ill May-day first got the name:
For when King Henry eighth did reign,
and rul'd our famous Kingdom here,
His royal Queen he had from Spain,
with whom he liv'd full many a year:

Queen

Quéen Katherine named as stories tell,
sometimes his elder brothers wife:
By which unlawful marriage fell
an endlesse trouble during life:
But such kind love he still conceiv'd
of his fair Quéen and of her friends,
Which being by Spain and France perceiv'd,
their journeys fast for England bends.

And with good leave were suffered
within our Kingdom here to stay,
Which multitudes made victuals dear,
and all things else from day to day:
For Strangers then did so increase,
by reason of King Henries Quéen,
And privilege in many a place
to dwell, as was in London séen.

For Tradesmen had small dealing then,
and who but Strangers bore the Bel:
Which was a grief to English men,
to sée them here in London dwell.
Wherefore God wot upon May Eve,
as Prentices on Maying went,
Who made the Magistrates believe,
at all to have no other intent.

But such a May-game, it was known,
as like in London never were,

For

For by the same full many a one,
with losse of life did pay full dear:
For thousands came with Bilbow Blade,
as with an army they could meet,
And such a bloody slaughter made
of forraign strangers in the street.

That all the chanels ran down with blod,
in every street where they remain'd:
Yea, every one in danger stod,
that any of their part maintain'd:
The rich, the poor, the old, the young,
beyond the seas though born and bred,
By Prentices there suffered wrong,
when armed thus they gathered head.

Such multitudes together went,
no warlike troops could them withstand,
Nor yet by policy them prevent,
what they by force thus took in hand:
Till at the last King Henries power,
this multitude encompast round,
Where with the strength of Londons Tower
they were by force suppress and bound.

And hundreds hang'd by martial Law
on Sign-posts at their Masters doors,
By which the rest were kept in awe,

and frighted from such loud uproars:
And others which the fact repented,
(two thousand Prentices at least)
Were all unto the King presented,
as Majors and Magistrates thought best.

With two and two together tyed,
through Temple-Bar, and Strand they go,
To Westminster there to be tryed,
with ropes about their necks also:
But such a cry in every street,
till then was never heard nor known,
By Mothers for their children sweet
unhappily thus overthrown.

Whose bitter moans and sad laments
posses the Court with trembling fear:
Whereat the Queen her self relents,
though it concern'd her Countrey dear:
What if, quoth she, by Spanish blood,
have Londons stately streets been wet,
Yet will I seek this Countries good,
and pardon for these young men get.

Or else the world will speak of me,
and say Queen Katherine was unkind,
And judge me still the cause to be,
these young men did these fortunes find:

And ſo diſrob'd from rich attires,
with hairs hang'd down ſhe ſadly hyes,
And of her gracious Lord requires
a Boone, which hardly he denyes.

The lives (quoth ſhe) of all the Blooms
yet budding gréen, theſe youths I crave;
O let them not have timeleſſe Tombs,
for nature longer limits gave:
In ſaying ſo the pearled tears
fell trickling from her Princely eyes:
Whereat his gentle Quéen he cheares,
and ſayes, ſtand up, ſwéet Lady riſe.

The lives of them I fréely give,
no means this kindneſs ſhall debar,
Thou haſt thy boon, and they may live,
to ſerve me in my Bullein war:
No ſooner was this pardon given,
but peals of joy rung through the Hall,
As though it thundred down from Heaven,
the Quéens renown amongſt them all.

For which (kind Quéen) with joyful heart,
ſhe gave to them both thanks and praiſe,
And ſo from them did gently part,
and liv'd beloved all her dayes:
And when King Henry ſtood in néed,

of trusty Souldiers at command:
These Prentices prov'd men indeed,
and fear'd no foes of Warlike Band.

For at the siege of Tours in France,
they shewed themselves brave English men;
At Bullein then they did advance
Saint George's lusty standard then:
Let Turwin, Turney, and those Towns,
that good King Henry nobly won,
Tell Londons Prentices renowns,
and of their deeds by them there done.

For ill May-day and ill May-gemes,
perform'd in young and tender dayes,
Can be no hindrance to their fames,
or strains of manhood any wayes:
But now it is ordain'd by Law,
we sit on May-dayes Eve at night,
To keep unruly youths in awe,
by Londons watch in Armour bright.

Still to prevent the like misdeed,
which once through head-strong young men came,
And that's the cause that I do read,
May-day doth get so ill a name.

The life and death of the two Ladies of Finsbury that gave Moor-fields to the City, for the Maidens of London to dry c'oaths in.

To the tune of, Where is my true Love.

YOu Gallant London Damſels,
awhile to me give ear:
And be you well contented
with that you now ſhall hear:
The deeds of two kind Ladies,
before you ſhall appear,
Oh Maidens of London ſo fair.

At Finsbury there dwelled,
a gallant Noble Knight,
That for the love of Jeſus Chriſt
deſired for to fight:
And ſo unto Jeruſalem
he went in Armour bright,
Oh Maidens of London ſo fair.

And charged both his Daughters
unmarried to remain:
Till he from bleſſed Paleſtine,
returned back again:
And then two loving Husbands
for them he would attain,
Oh Maidens of London ſo fair.

When he was gone from fair England,
a Knight of Rhodes to be:
His Daughters they were well content,
though born of good degree,
To kéep themselves in mean estate,
of living orderly,
Oh Maidens of London so fair.

The eldest of the two was nam'd
fair Mary, as is said:
Who made a secret vow to God,
to live and die a Maid,
And so a true professed Nun
her self with spéed array'd:
Oh maidens of London so fair.

Her garments were of mourning black,
befitting her desires:
Where at the house of Bethlehem,
the Abbess she requires.
An entertainment to be made,
to their melodious Quires,
Oh sweet singing maidens so fair.

Where in the Nunnery she remain'd,
beloved many a year:
Still spending day and night in prayers,
for her old father dear:

Re-

Refusing worldly vanities,
with joy and pleasant chéer.
Oh heavenly blest maidens so fair.

And in the Name of Jesus Christ,
a holy Crosse did build:
Which some have séen at Bedlam gate,
adjoyning to Moore-field:
These be the blessed springing fruits,
that Chastity doth yield,
Oh maidens of London so fair.

If that Englands great royall Quéen,
I should be made quoth she,
Not half so well contented then,
good Ladies, should I be:
There is no life that's half so swéet
as Virgins life I sée.
Oh maidens of London so fair.

Nor will I taste the joys of Love
belong to Marriage-bed,
Nor to a King consent to yield
my blooming Maiden-head:
Till from my father I do hear,
to be alive or dead.
Oh maidens of London so fair.

So Virgin-like she spent her days
about this pleasant spring,

And us'd her self from time to time
upright in every thing:
Which caus'd the Ladies of this Land
her noble praise to sing,
Oh maidens of London so fair.

The younger of the sisters nam'd
Dame Annis fair and clear,
Who framed there a pleasant well,
by her esteemed dear,
Where wives and maidens daily came
to wash both far and near.
Oh heaven-blest maidens so fair.

In it were all her earthly joyes,
her comfort and delight,
About the same remaining still,
with pleasure day and night,
As glorious as the golden Sun,
in all his beams so bright.
Oh maidens of London so fair.

The lovely Ladies of the Land
unto Dame Annis went,
Perswading her this single life,
was not the best content.
The married sort doth most command
being still to pleasures bent:
Oh maidens of London so fair.

And

And dayly troups of London Dames,
unto her did repair,
With pureſt Lawn and Cambrick fine,
to waſh both clear and fair:
And rich imbroidered furnitures
of Child-bed Linnen rare,
Oh maidens of London ſo fair.

Thus lived theſe two Siſters here,
as you have heard it told:
Till time had chang'd their beauteous cheeks,
and made them wrinkled old:
Then from their Father news was brought,
how he was wrapt in mould.
Oh maidens of London ſo fair.

For the King of England ſon,
the Duke of Normandie,
Returned from Jeruſalem
with Fame and Victorie,
And brought their Fathers heart in Lead
here buried for to be,
Oh maidens of London ſo fair.

This heart that ſpilt his deareſt blood,
for Jeſus Chriſt in Heaven,
Being thus unto his Daughters twaine,
in kindneſs brought and given,

Was

Was mourned for three hundred dayes,
from Morning unto Even,
Oh maidens of London so fair.

And then with lamentations,
sweet Maidens being weary,
Their aged Fathers noble heart
most solemnly did bury,
And gave the place their Fathers Name,
as sayes our English story,
Oh maidens of London so fair.

Old Sir John Fines he had the name,
being buried in that place,
Now since then called Finsbury,
to his Renown and Grace,
Which times to come shall not out-wear,
nor yet the same deface,
Oh maidens of London so fair.

And likewise when those Maydens dy'd,
they gave those pleasant fields,
Unto our London Citizens,
which they most bravely builds:
And now are made most pleasant walks,
that great contentment yields
To maidens of London so fair.

Where lovingly both man and wife
may take the evening airs,

And

And London Dames to dry their clothes,
may thither ſtill repair:
For that intent moſt freely given,
by theſe two Damſels fair
Unto the maidens of London for ever.

An excellent Song made of the ſucceſſors of King Edward the fourth.

To the tune of, O man in deſperation.

WHen as the King of England dy'd
Edward the fourth by Name:
He had two Sons of tender years,
for to ſucceed the ſame:
Then Richard Duke of Gloceſter
deſiring kingly ſway,
Deviſed by Treaſon how to make
his Nephews both away.

He with the Duke of Buckingham
did cloſely then contrive,
How he unto the Engliſh Crown,
might happily atchieve:
Betwixt them both they laid a plot,
and both together went
To Stony-Stratford, where they met
our King incontinent.

This

This sweet young King did entertain
his Uncle lovingly:
Not thinking of their secret drift,
and wicked treachery:
But then the Duke of Buckingham
to set abroach the thing,
Began a quarrel for the nonce
with them that kept the King.

And there they did arrest Lord Gray,
the brother to the Queen,
Her other brother Lord Rivers,
in durance then was seen:
Sir Thomas Vaughan they likewise,
did then and there arrest;
Thus was the King of all his friends,
on sudden dis-possest.

The King doth for his Uncles plead,
and would their Sureties be:
But both these Dukes would in no case
to his request agree:
In brief, these Noblemen were sent
to Pomfret Castle soon,
Where secretly and suddenly
they there to death were done.

Then forth they brought the King alone
to London with great speed,

Using

Uſing perſwaſion in ſuch ſort,
not to miſlike their déed:
But when to London he was come,
for him they had prepar'd
The Biſhops Palace there to hold,
but ſafely under Guard.

And then Duke Richard takes on him
the keeping of the King,
Naming himſelf Lord Protector,
his purpoſe about to bring.
Deviſing how to get in hold
the other brother too,
The which the Cardinal undertook
full cunningly to do.

The Cardinal then in all the haſte
unto the Quéen did come,
Uſing perſwaſions in ſuch ſort,
he got the other Son:
And then they both incontinent
unto the Tower were ſent,
After which time they were came forth,
for death did them prevent.

Duke Richard having found the means,
to worke theſe Princes death,
Did cauſe James Tirrels hired men
full ſoon to ſtop their breath:

Myles

Myles Forrest and James Diggens both,
these wicked careless men,
Were made the instruments of bloud
to work the murther then.

These Princes lying in their beds,
being sweetly arm in arm,
Not thinking of this vile intent,
or meaning any harm:
These Villains in their fethered beds,
did wrap them up in hast,
And with the cloaths did smother them
till life and breath was past.

But when they were so murthered,
where laid no man did know:
But mark, the judgement of the Lord
did sharp revenge soon show,
Betwixt these Dukes within short space
such discord there was bred,
That Buckingham to please the King,
was forc'd to lose his head.

Then Richard in his Kingly seat
no rest nor ease could find,
The murther of his Nephews did
so sore torment his mind:
He never could take quiet rest,
his life he still did fear:

His

His hand upon his Dagger was,
and none might come him nér.

At length the Earl of Richmond came
with ſuch a puiſſant band,
That this uſurping King was forc'd
in his defence to ſtand:
And méeting him in Boſworth field,
they fought with heart full fain,
But God (for ſhedding Princes blood)
caus'd Richard to be ſlain.

Then being dead upon a Horſe,
all nak'd as he was born,
His fleſh ſore cut and mangled,
his hair all rent and torn.
And then Earl Richmond worthily,
for this his deed of Fame,
Of England he was crowned King
Henrie the ſeventh by name.

From whoſe moſt Royal Loyns did ſpring
that famous King of might,
Henry the eighth, whoſe worthy Déeds
our Chronicles recite:
Who dying left his Land and Crown,
to Edward his ſweet Son:
Whoſe Gracious Reign all England ru'd
his time ſo ſoon was run.

His sister Mary did succéd,
next Princesse in this Land;
But in her time blind Ignorance
against Gods truth did stand.
Which caused many a Martyrs blood
be shed in ruthful case:
But God did Englands woes regard
and turn'd those storms to grace.

At length the other sister came,
Elizabeth late Quéen:
And she reliev'd her subjects hearts
from grief and sorrow clean:
She spent her dayes in peace and joy,
and dyed Gods servant true,
And now enjoys a place in Heaven,
amongst the blessed crue.

Next her succéding mighty James,
likewise of Henries Race,
His Majesty with Royal right,
deserves this worthy place:
Whose progeny God long preserve,
this kingdom for to sway,
And send all subjects loyal hearts
their Soveraign to obey.

The

The Princely Song of the six Queens that were married to *Henry* the eighth, King of *England*.

The tune is, Welladay.

When England Fame did ring,
Royally, Royally,
Of Henry the eighth our King,
all the world over:
Such deeds of Majesty,
Won he most worthily,
England to glorifie,
by the hand of fair Heaven.

His Royal Father dead,
curiously, curiously,
Was he then wrapt in lead,
as it appeareth:
Such a Tomb did he make,
For his sweet Fathers sake,
As the whole world may speake,
of his gallant glory.

Englands brave monument,
sumptuously, sumptuously.
Kings and Queens gave consent,
to have it there graced:

Henry the eighth was he,
  bolden in Gallantry,
With golden bravery,
  in his rich Chappel;

And after did provide,
  carefully, carefully,
To chuse a Princely Bride
  for his Lands honour:
His brothers Widow he,
  Married most lawfully,
His loving wife to be,
  Royal Queen Katherine.

Katherine of Spaine his first Wife.

Which Queen he loved dear,
  many a day, many a day,
Full two and twenty a year,
  ere they were parted.
From this renowned Dame,
Mary his Daughter came,
yet did his Bishops frame
  to have her divorced.

When as Queen Katherine knew,
  how the King, how the King,
Proved in love most untrue,
Thus to forsake her.
Good Lord what bitter woe,

Did

Did this fair Princesse show
Unkindly thus to go
from her sweet Husband!

Oh my kind Soveraign dear,
said the Queen, said the Queen,
Full two and twenty year
have I been married:
Sure it will break my heart,
From thee now to depart,
I never plaid wantons part,
Royal King Henry.

All this availed nought,
woful Queen, woful Queen,
A Divorce being wrought,
she must to Sabe him:
Never more in his bed,
Laid she her Princely head,
Was ere wife so be read,
like to Queen Katherine?

Amongst our English men,
of renown, of renown:
The Earl of Wiltshire then
had a vertuous fair daughter,
A brave and Princely Dame,
Anna Bullein by name.

Anna Bullein his second Wife.

This Virgin was by fame,
made wife to King Henry.

From this same Royal Quéen,
blessedly, blessedly:
As it was known and séen,
came our swéet Princesse
Englands Elizabeth,
Fairest Quéen on the earth,
Happy made by her birth,
was this brave Kingdome.

When Anna Bulleins place,
of a Quéen, of a Quéen:
Had béen for thrée years space,
more was her sorrow:
In the Kings royall head,
Secret displeasure bred,
That cost the Quéen her head,
in Londons strong Tower,

Then took to wife Lady Jane,
lovingly, lovingly;
That from the Semers came,
Nobly descended,
But her love bought she dear,
She was but Quéen one year,

Jane Semer his third wife.

In Child-bed ſhe dyed we hear,
of royal King Edward.

England then underſtand:
famouſly, famouſly,
Princes three of this Land,
thus came from three Queens.
Katherine gave Mary birth,
Anna, Elizabeth;
Jane, Edward by her death;
all Crowned in England.

After theſe married he,
all in fame, all in fame,
A Dame of Dignity,
fair Ann of Cleve, Anne of
Her ſorrow ſon was ſeen. Cleve his
Only ſix moneths a Queen, fourth wife.
Graces but growing green,
ſo quickly divorced:

Yet liv'd ſhe with grief to ſee,
wofull Queen, wofull Queen,
Two more as well as ſhe,
married unto King Henry:
To enjoy loves delights,
On their ſweet wedding nights,
Which were her proper rights,
mournful young Princeſſe.

First a sweet gallant Dame
nobly born, nobly born,
Which had unto her name,
fair Katherine Howard.
But ere two years were past,
Misliking grew so fast,
She lost her head at last,
small time of glory.

Katherine Howard his fifth Wife.

After her, Katherine Parre,
made he Queen, made he Queen,
Late wife to Lord Latimer,
brave English Baron.
This Lady of renown,
Deserved not a frown,
Whilst Henry wore his Crown,
of thrice famous England.

Katherine Parre his sixth wife.

Sir Royal Queens you see,
Gallant Dames, Gallant Dames,
At command married he,
Like a great Monarch.
Yet lives his famous name,
Without spot or defame.
From Royal Kings he came,
whom all the world feared.

The lamentable complaint of Queen Mary for the unkind departure of King Philip, in whoſe abſence ſhe fell ſick, and dyed.

The tune is, Crimſon Velvet.

MAry doth complain,
Ladies be you moved
With my Lamentations,
and my bitter moanes:
Philip King of Spaine,
whom in heart I loved,
From his Royal Queen,
Unkindly now is gone;
Upon my bed I lye,
Sick and like to dye:
help me Ladies to lament,
For in heart I bear,
He loves a Lady dear,
better can his love content:
Oh Philip moſt unkind,
Bear not ſuch a mind
to leave the Daughter of a King:
Gentle Prince of Spain,
Come, oh come again
and ſweet content to thée he bring.

For thy Royal ſake,
this my Countries danger,

And my Subjects woes,
I dayly do procure.
By burning love to ſlake,
nobly Princely ſtranger,
And the ſame to move,
where it was ſetled ſure,
Divers in this Land,
Againſt my foes did ſtand,
pawning their lives therefore:
And for the ſame were ſlain,
Gentle King of Spain;
ſtréets ran down with purple gore;
Forty thouſand men,
All in Armour then
this noble kingdom did provide:
To marry Englands Quéen,
Before thou ſhouldſt be ſéen,
or I be made thy gallant Bride.

But now my great good will,
I ſée is not regarded,
And my favours kinde
are here forgotten quite:
My good is paid with ill,
and with hatred rewarded,
I unhappy Quéen,
left here in woful plight,
On our Engliſh ſhore,

Never

Never ſhall I more,
thy comely perſonage behold,
Nor upon the throne,
Gloriouſly be ſhowne,
in thy purple robes of Gold.
O my heart is ſlain,
Sorrow, care and pain
dwels within my ſobbing breſt:
Death approacheth néer me,
Becauſe thou wilt not chéer me,
thou gallant King of all the Weſt.

Thoſe Jewels and thoſe Rings,
and that golden treaſure,
Firſt to win my love,
thou broughteſt out of Spain,
Now unto me brings,
no delight, no pleaſure,
But a ſorrowful tear,
which ever will remain.
Thy Picture when I ſée,
Much amazeth me,
cauſeth tears amain to flow,
The ſubſtance being gone,
Pleaſures I have none,
but lamenting ſighs of woe;
The Chair of State adorned,
Séems as if it mourned,

binding up mine eyes with weeping,
And when that I led,
Unto my marriage bed,
sorrow keeps me still from sleeping.

Come you Ladies kind,
bring my gown of sable,
For I now must mourn,
the absence of my Lord.
You see my love-sick mind,
is no longer able,
To endure the sting
of Cupids pricking sword:
My dying heart doth rest,
In Philips Princely brest:
my bosome keeps no heart at all:
But ever will abide,
In secret by his side,
And follow him through bower and hall:
Though I live disdained,
Yet my love unfeigned,
shall remain both chaste and pure,
And evermore shall prove,
As constant as the Dove,
and thus shall Mary still endure.

Ring out my dying knell,
Ladies so renowned,
For your Queen must dye,

And

and all her Pompe forſake:
England now farewel,
for the fates have frowned,
And now ready ſtand
my breathing life to take:
Conſume with ſpéd to ayre,
Faving Ghoſt is faire,
with my milk-wings go flie:
Where ſitting on the Throne,
Let my Love be ſhown
that for his ſake is forc'd to die,
Be for ever bleſſed,
Though I die diſtreſſed,
gallant King of high renown.
The Quéen now broken-hearted,
From this world is parted,
in the Heavens to wear a Crown.

The Battel of Agen-Court, between the Engliſh-men, and French-men.

The Tune is, Flying Fame.

A Councel grave our King did hold,
with many a Lord and Knight,
That they may truly underſtand,
that France did hold his right:
Unto the King of France therefore
Ambaſſadours were ſent,

That he might fully understand,
his mind and his intent.

Desiring him in friendly wise,
his lawful right to yield,
Or else he vowed by dint of sword,
to win the same in field:
The King of France with all his Lords,
which heard his message plain:
Unto our brave Embassadors,
did answer in disdain;

And said our King was yet too young,
and of too tender age:
Therefore we weigh not of his wars,
nor fear not his courage:
His knowledge is in feat of Arms
as yet but very small:
His tender joynts more fitter were
to tosse a Tennis Ball.

A Tun of Tennis-balls therefore
in pride and great disdain,
He sent unto our noble King,
to recompence his pain:
Which answer when our King did hear,
he waxed wrath in heart,
And said he would such Balls provide
should make all France to smart.

An

An Army then our King did raiſe,
which was both good and ſtrong,
And from South-hampton is our King,
with all his Navie gone:
In France he landed ſafe and ſound,
with all his warlike train,
Unto the Town Hurflew next,
he marched up amain.

But when he had beſieg'd the ſame,
againſt the fenced wals,
To batter down their ſtately Towers,
he ſent his Engliſh bals:
This done our Noble Engliſh King,
marcht up and down the Land,
And not a French-man for his life,
durſt once his force withſtand.

Until he came to Agen-Court,
whereas it was his chance,
To find the King in readineſſe,
with all his power in France:
A mighty hoſt he had prepar'd,
of armed Souldiers then,
Which were no leſſe by juſt account,
than forty thouſand men:
Which ſight did much amaze our King,
for he and all his Hoſt,

Not

Not passing fifteen thousand had,
accounted with the most:
The King of France which well did know
the number of our men,
In vaunting pride unto our Prince,
did send a Herald then,

To understand what he would give,
for ransome of his life:
When they in field had taken him,
amidst their bloody strife:
And then our King with chearful heart,
this answer soon did make,
And said before this comes to passe,
some of your hearts shall quake,

And to your proud presumptuous Prince
declare this thing quoth he,
Mine own heart-blood shal pay the price,
none else he gets of me:
With that bespoke the Duke of York,
O Noble King quoth he,
The leading of this battel brave,
vouchsafe to give to me.

God a mercy Cousin York, quoth he,
I grant thée thy request,
Then march thou on couragiously,
and I will lead the rest: Then

Then came the bragging French-men down,
with cruel force and might,
With whom our Noble King began,
a hard and cruel fight.

The Archers they diſcharg'd their Shafts,
ſo thick as hail from skye:
That many a Frenchman in the field,
that happy day did dye:
The Horſemen tumbled on the Stakes,
and ſo their lives they loſt,
And many a Frenchman there was tane,
as Priſoners to their coſt.

Ten thouſand men that day were ſlain
of Enemies in the field,
And as many Priſoners,
that day was forc'd to yéld.
Thus had our King a happy day,
and victory over France:
And brought them quickly under foot,
that late in Pride did prance.

The Lord preſerve our Noble King
and grant to him likewiſe
The upper hand and victory
of all his Enemies.

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